But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence?
That ſtabd me in the field by Texwburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their tiles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the o
The murtherers en
In Gods name what are you, and
Exe. I would ſpeake with Clare
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be bri
Shew him our Commiſſion, talk
Bro. I am in this commanded
The noble Duke of Clarence to
I will not reaſon what is meant th
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie h
That thus I haue reſignd my pla
Exe. Do ſo, it is a poynt of wi
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he
1. No, then he will ſay twas do
when he wakes?
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake
1. Why then he will ſay we
2. The vrging of that word fi
A kind of remorſe in me.
1. What art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a war
For killing him, from which no
1. Backe to the Duke of Glo
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I h
Change, twas wont to hold me
1. How doſt thou feele thy ſe
2. Faith ſome certaine dregs
1. Remember our reward wh
2. Zounds he dies, I had forg
1. Where is thy conſcience n
2. In the Duke of Gloſters pu
1. So when he opens his purſe
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's few or no
1. How if it come to thee ag

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